

No talking cure will save
You from the trap I have laid
Cause it's warm, it's dark and it sticks
To all the troubles you can't fix

It makes believe it knows your lies
Then undoes all you devise

The truth is you can't win
The truth is there's nothing to lose
The truth is you'll receive but not choose
It's a spider, it's a ruse

With the lights out in the open
Like a tight rope to be broken, like a
Secret to be told
Of all that never should unfold

It makes believe it knows your lies
Then undoes all you devise

Like the straining sight of all that might
Lash out at you, crash down on you
It's the whisper of disaster
Like the straining sight of all that might
Lash out at you, crash down on you
Come to tell you who's your master